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Being deceived in a political negociation by a crafty ecclesiastic sent by Cardinal Richlieu for the purpose, the emperor changed his opinion, at least of Father Joseph, of whom he said, A wicked Capuchin has disarmed me by his rosary, and enclosed no less than six electors in his cowl."

CHURCH AND KING.

Immediately after the disgraceful riots at Birmingham in 1791, an English dignitary was called upon to drink the toast of Church and King. He addressed the master of the feast in the following terms: "Sir, I venerate the church, the holy offices of which I have been long accustomed to administer; I trust also that the whole tenor of my life proves that I honour the King, but I will not drink the toast of Church and King, for I well know what is the meaning of these words when they are put in conjunction.

Their meaning is a *Church above the State, and a King above the Law.* Against these principles I will protest to the latest moments of my life."

THE LAGAN CANAL SURPASSES GERMAN SLOWNESS.

Coxe, in his travels through Poland, Russia, Sweden and Denmark, relates, that on a canal in Germany, the bargemen employed eight days in coming from Lubec to Moellen, which is only 36 miles by land, and did not expect to reach Lawenburgh in less than eight days more. The Lagan canal from Belfast to Loughneagh, from the state of repair in which it is kept, and from the difficulties of a river navigation, more than equals the German delay; lighters are frequently detained several weeks on their passage to Loughneagh. It is related that some years ago a vessel from the port of Belfast sailed to the West Indies, and returned before a lighter, which set off at the same time for Lisburn, a distance of seven miles only by land, reached its destination.

EASY MODE FOR THE MINISTER TO RAISE PARLIAMENTARY SUPPLIES.

A housewife raises water from a pump, that is out of order, by pouring a quantity of water down the pump stock; this refreshment causes the sucker to play, and produces a copious stream. Places and pensions judiciously administered occasion great facility in procuring grants of the public money. Private wishes are gratified, and the public business is expedited—but all at the cost of the community. The public pays for all.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE GHOST OF MRS. DUFF,

WHO DIED IN CONSEQUENCE OF A BITE ON THE NOSE, FROM A FAVOURITE DOG. ADDRESSED TO MISS A. N. ON SEEING HER LAVISH HER CARESSES ON HER LAP-DOG.

'TWAS at the silent hour of two,
When cits are fast asleep;
And drunken rakes reel homeward to
The wives they left to weep.

When o'er her clay-cold tomb inclined,
The ghost of Mrs. Duff,
And in her coffin groped to find,
Her pellise, gloves, and muff.

Alas! no gloves, nor muff were there,
For ghosts are ne'er allow'd,
In aught to clothe their bodies bare,
But pall, or sheet, or shroud.

But as black velvet was the tip,
Her velvet pall she took,
And tuck'd it neatly round her hip,
Like a pellise to look.

And thus being drest, she on did jog,
As you may well suppose;
In her left hand she held her dog,
Her right hand held her nose.

Thrice shrill she scream'd, her pipes to clear,
Then gave a mournful cry,
While blazes blue thickly appear,
Streaming from either eye.

"Ah! what a wretched fate was mine,
Cut off thus in my prime,
Condemned in agonies to pine,
And die before my time!

"This dog, the author of my woes,
My love repaid with strife,
Through him I lost my precious nose,
Then lost my precious life.

"But love misplaced is always curst,
Of mine, ye maids, beware!

I with caresses brutes have nurst,
Which men would die to share.

" But for this folly, for this fault,
How hardly do I pay ?
For dog love had I man's love sought,
I'd been alive to day

" Ye maidens all, who puppies love,
Don't let them come too near ;
If their mouths near your noses move,
They'll make you rue it dear.

" And young men, of the puppy breed
Avoid the peevish sisters,
For if their tongues too close proceed,
You'll find them worse than blisters.

" And puppies too I would address,
But that do what I will,
Or e'er so well my thoughts express,
They will be puppies still.

" But hark ! a voice that for me cries,
And will not be denied ;
Come see ye maids, how low she lies.
For loving dogs who died !"

She ceased—Her form then slow dissolv'd,
And wasted more and more,
Grew pale, and into fume resolved,
Then vanished with a roar !

In sheets of fire red light'ning flash'd,
Along the furrow'd ground,
While peals on peals of thunder crash'd,
O'er all the welkin round.

NEMORENSIS.

ALTAMONT TO THE FALLEN MARIA.

FAR from the noise of passion's jarring strife,
With heartfelt melancholy let me stray ;
There brood in anguish o'er a mis-spent life,
And gain at last the quiet heavenly way.

With steps o sorrow, shady paths to rove,
In silent solitude neglected roam,
There weigh the pleasures of unlawful love,
And call the sinful wish for ever home.

Curse on the wretch who with pretended truth,
First urged thee on forbidden joys to prove,
There tearing spotless innocence from youth,
He blasted all the sweets of virtuous love.

Oh ! loved too well for my internal peace,
Though lost to honour, be not lost to shame,
Be firm, and bid the flattering villain cease,
Nor wound with more reproach your dying fame.

Remind him of your innocence and youth,
Your honour clear and spotless as the day,
How with fell aim he wore the mask of truth,
And how you fell an unsuspecting prey.

Though beauty triumphs in that youthful face,
And delicacy reigns through all thy form,
Yet lost alike to virtue and to grace,
The good lament you, and the just will scorn.

Reflect, Maria, on that awful hour,
When on the bed of death you taste of pain,
Your beauty's vanished like a summer flower,
And the stern king the lovely ruins claim.

For me, as heaven indulgent will forgive,
Oh ! may there wandering thoughts be fixed above,
You, ruined nymph, for ever whilst you live,
Shall claim my pity, though you lose my love.

October, 1768.

MARIA TO ALTAMONT.

YOU wrote, and unobserved the lesson lay,
I bade the voice of calm reflection cease,
Nor cast a glance beyond the present day,
And bar'd my thoughts for ever from my peace.

At last conviction rends my tortured breast,
While former scenes add horror to the gloom,
With guilt, with anguish and despair oppress,
I seek the silent solitary tomb.

Now, now my crimes in dread array appear,
Impending vengeance trembles o'er my head,
Too late I shed the sad repenting tear,
My peace is wrecked, and every hope is fled.

Will heaven regard the penitential tear,
When fell disease arrests each vital part,
Ah ! no, strict justice will not deign to hear,
When only dread of justice rends the heart.

Oh ! may the happy inexperienced maid,
Shun the first dawnings of unlawful love,
Reflect how poor Maria was betrayed,
And let my fate a timely caution prove.

Though man admires when deck'd in bloom of youth,
Be bless'd with virtue, charm beyond to-day,
Though beauty triumphs, yet endure this truth,
The clay built mansion hastens to decay.